

Machine Gun

written and performed by Jimi Hendrix
New Year's Eve 1970

Jimi (spoken):

"Happy new year first of all. I hope we'll have
A million or two million more of them... if we
Can get over this summer, he he he. Right I'd
Like to dedicate this one to the draggy' scene
That's goin' on all the soldiers that are fightin'
In chicago, milwaukee and new york... oh yeas, and
All the soldiers fightin' in vietnam. Like to do
A thing called 'machine gun'."

Machine gun
Tearing my body all apart

Machine gun, yeah
Tearing my body all apart

Evil man make me kill ya
Evil man make you kill me
Evil man make me kill you
Even though we're only families apart

Well I pick up my axe and fight like a bomber
(you know what I mean)
Hey! and your bullets keep knocking me down

Hey, I pick up my axe and fight like a bomber
now
Yeah, but you still blast me down to the ground

The same way you shoot me down, baby
You'll be going just the same
Three times the pain,
And your own self to blame
Hey, machine gun

I ain't afraid of your mess no more, babe
I ain't afraid no more
After a while, your, your cheap talk don't even
cause me pain,
So let your bullets fly like rain

'cause I know all the time you're wrong baby
And you'll be going just the same
Yeah, machine gun
Tearing my family apart
Yeah, yeah, alright
Tearing my family apart

(don't you shoot him down)
(he's 'bout to leave here)
(don't you shoot him down)
(he's got to stay here)
(he ain't going nowhere)
(he's been shot down to the ground)
(oh where he can't survive, no, no)

Yeah, that's what we don't wanna hear
anymore, alright?
(no bullets)
At least here, huh huh
(no guns, no bombs)
Huh huh
(no nothin', just let's all live and live)
(you know, instead of killin')